FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

This body convened on Second-day morning, the 1st inst., with the usual attendance of about 150 persons. On the previous day the two sessions for public worship were largely attended by the aged, the middle-aged, the young and many children.

The late gathering of some in the morning (who doubtless had many miles to ride) was somewhat unsettling, but the earnest, attentive interest given to an excellent sermon by Lydia H. Price on practical righteousness was very noticeable. Following this were a few words uttered, calling upon all to remember that no matter how much we are told of the way that leadeth unto life eternal, if we do not ourselves apply it, and live in accordance with the Divine laws that govern us, the hearing will avail us nothing. A physician may prescribe medicine to relieve disease, but if it is not taken the relief will not come.

In the afternoon the attendance and attention exceeded that of the morning.

The spiritual application of the flesh and "blood" of Jesus was well and impressively commented upon. The meeting closed under the solemnizing influence of prayer.

In the women's business meeting, on the 1st, all the representatives answered to their names. Minutes were read for L. H. Price, a Minister from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and for her companion, and for A. Coates, an Elder from Pennsgrove, Pa., who were warmly welcomed, as were other strangers, present without minutes.

The epistles from the other Yearly Meetings were all read to profit.

The proposition from Illinois Yearly Meeting on the subject of a conference of all the Yearly Meetings, to promote a higher morality in ourselves and in the world at large was read and approved and a committee appointed to take the matter into consideration.

In the evening the First-day School Association held a lively and we thought profitable meeting. Reports were read from only three schools, yet these evinced so much of earnestness and love for the children, that they might be trained in the principles and testimonies of our Society that the aged standard-bearers, if more of them had been present, might well have taken courage with the hope that in the future our beloved Society will not be wanting in earnest supporters.

One Friend from Illinois Yearly Meeting expressed the hope that the time would soon come when Friends in their meeting organizations would take charge of the schools, adding that "such a movement would surely give strength to both school and meeting."

Third-day the queries were answered for the first time under the revised edition of Discipline, and, although there were twelve

in number, they were so concise and to the point that the answers and summaries were lively and received the close attention of the meeting.

One query, new to us, impressed us most favorably, and we quote it here entire: "Are Friends careful to bear a testimony against oppression? Do they have a proper regard for those in their employ, and do they provide in suitable manner for those dependent upon them?" They surely have been favored in the revision of their discipline to well adapt it to the age in which we live.

A concern on the subject of intemperance and the increasing use of tobacco arose with great force in men's meeting, and was introduced by them into women's meeting, resulting in the appointment of a joint committee to inquire into the causes and effects of these evils.

Never do we remember to have witnessed more earnestness or simplicity in the opening of and responses to this subject in any meeting, and it certainly will result in good.

A visit from Benj. Nichols, with a living concern for the mothers, that they be diligent and prayerful in the rearing of their children, closed the sitting, which was lengthy but interesting.

Fourth-day morning public meeting was well attended and earnest words were uttered urging us to live self-denying lives, and to dwell under the influence of that love that thinketh no evil. Persons occupying positions of trust were exhorted to be faithful, and mothers were again counseled to greater care in the rearing of their children, so that they may be fitted for any position, either public or private, and fathers were urged to aid them in the work.

Earnest testimonies to the value of Friends' principles, with appeals to all to lead godly lives, and attend to the witness for truth, followed.

The afternoon was devoted to a session of the Indian Committee, which was continued.

The last sitting of the Yearly Meeting was devoted to the reading of epistles to other Yearly Meetings and the reports of Committees on Temperance and the Proposition from Illinois Yearly Meeting. The most lively interest was manifested in these concerns, giving promise of work for the good of our Society and for humanity at large.

The meeting closed in joint session, and precious seemed the love that overspread the assembly as various exercises were given of tender feeling and appreciation of the season of refreshing we have experienced together.

The scattered condition of Friends and the distance traveled to meet together have their influence in causing these reunions to be very precious. Traveling Friends are welcomed with a warmth that makes itself felt. The social mingling is pleasant and profitable, and fully repays the sacrifice of time, the discomforts of travel, and separation for a season from the beloved home circle. A feeling of deep thankfulness arose that our branch of Friends are a united body, so that we can mingle in person and by epistle with those of distant portions of our country. May we so cultivate love and charity that this state of things may long continue, is the earnest prayer of many hearts. L. H. H.

Ninth month 5th, 1879.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

That sympathy is a means of comfort and consolation, to be fittingly employed in all the trials and sorrows of life, is a truth so trite as to need no restatement. We all know its healing and refreshing influence, and few indeed are they who will not welcome that visitation of friendly feeling and of Christian charity which looks not down with pity as from the heights above, but which comes in at the door-way, extends the loving hand and feels with the afflicted and the sorrow stricken.

It is like the refreshing breeze after the destroying tempest and the flood; it is like the entrance of the sunbeam after the dreary night of gloom, and, like these, it is not merely a consolation, but it is a mighty though quiet power to rebuild, uplift and beautify.

It has been said that one marked token of human progress in our day is the ability to discover power in subtle and delicate agents; and this ability to make use of these delicate powers is now enabling mankind to find release from many wearisome tasks which once were laid upon our race as stern necessities. Genius has made use of the vapor from boiling water to accomplish that problem of movement which overcomes time and space, and to uplift mountains which might have defied the fabled Titans of old. Genius has detected the secret of the thunder cloud, and now man wields the thunderbolt which the antique world believed the especial weapon of angry Jove. But even yet we are only on the threshold of discovery, and some have dreamed that with further insight into the sublime mysteries of Nature man can emancipate our race still more and more from the heavy bondage of toil which hinders intellectual and spiritual progress.

The work of government was once accomplished almost entirely by rude physical means, through which evil-doers were to be restrained, obedience enforced, and transgression of authority punished. Now, en-

lightened law-givers appeal to the common interest, to the humane feeling and to the enlightened conscience of the community; and such appeal is more powerful in the cause of right order, of peace, and of good citizenship than were all the heroic expedients of the age of rude forces. Even yet the philosophic mind perceives we are only on the very threshold of the benificent science of government, and in the dawning day, which we trust is even now tinging the East, we may find the fulfillment of those glorious dreams of the inspired prophets of Israel for which the ages have prepared the way.

Still, material progress in the sciences and the arts, or philosophical progress in the science of government, will ever fail to bring mankind permanently to higher levels without a corresponding moral elevation is realized for the masses.

We cannot doubt that a wondrous evolution of the nobler moral forces which are to cleanse the earth is going on continuously, and that individuals who have attained a certain elevation of character and of soul are looking around them in the spirit of inquiring love to devise means for the help of the darkened and the faltering. They are becoming aware that all conspicuous and ponderous methods are unsatisfactory; that the shipwrecked and perishing cannot be reached from the safe heights above, but by the putting forth of the helping hand from their own level of danger by loving brethren who are made strong by Christian charity.

True and living sympathy is indeed a power in the world—perhaps one of the most potent of all the forces of humanity. There can hardly be any happiness worth the name without it. Joy is not truly joy if none rejoices with us, while sorrow without the sympathetic tear of sympathy is doubly bitter.

But it is in the effect upon character that the power and influence of sympathy is most important. Is a good deed done? Let the warm expression of approval strengthen the actor, and the future noble action will attest the value of a good word. Does the toiler up the heights of moral attainment falter a little with the goal in sight? The hand of encouraging love can strengthen the resolve of the climber. Indeed, there is cause to believe that much of the failure experienced in attempts to rescue men and women from evil courses is due to want of the sympathy which reaches down for the help of the fallen, which strengthens the tempted, encourages the despairing, and persists in love's work, notwithstanding discouragements.

No teacher of children who is without this mighty lever of sympathy for the needs of the young can ever have any large measure of success in cultivating a taste for knowledge and in training the minds of students for a successful pursuit of specialties. The true educator must inspire as well as teach, quickening the young mind with that love of knowledge which is his own directing force, or the knowledge and the mental training which the student acquires will be comparatively dull and lifeless.

If sympathy is so great a power for good, it may be considered to be an equally potent agent for evil if misdirected. Sympathy may assume a morbid character, leading the injudicious to compromise just principle, to condone vices, to shield evil doers from proper restraints and the necessary consequences of their actions. This spurious sympathy has not its root in love to God and love to mankind; it is not to be counted among the fruits of the Spirit which were enumerated by Paul in his memorable epistle to the Galatians (v, 22). This epitome, which has been echoed and re-echoed through the nineteen Christian centuries, has been heard through all the generations to be a correct formula of the order of the Christian virtues. Love comes first, since it is the essence of Christianity. Joy, then, is the leading reflex influence which rewards the outpouring of love from the soul, and the rest follow in the divine order.

The servant of the Highest who extends the hand of loving sympathy in any of the manifold sorrows of mankind is, in so much, fulfilling the Divine law, becomes the coworker with Christ, helping in the vast continuous work of civilization that is yet to restore man to the Divine image. S. R.

Eighth mo., 1879.

THINGS LOVELY AND OF GOOD REPORT.

Since St. Paul wrote to the Philippians, there has not been given a better ner more comprehensive description of what we call "good manners"—"*whatsoever* things are lovely and of good report." To have written out a list of these small things would have been impossible for one who wrote for all times and nations; so we are furnished with a list in brief, supplemented by the necessity for thinking, urged with the pleading courtesy peculiar to the Apostle.

If, in the stormy beginning of the Church, its members were entreated to consider the things which make the individual lovable, and give to him the influence which the approval of the better public opinion always confers, how much more strenuously the word presses upon our hearts and minds, who have, presumably, the great foundation of principle well laid, and are more at leisure for subtle effort upon ourselves.

And yet—! Are the good people ever gentle-mannered, ever diligent to express by look, by word and action, the strong virtues hidden in their hearts? There should be no divorce between righteousness and pleasantness, and that they are not always one is proof enough that there is lack of thought. While the charm of good manner is almost universally felt, it is doubtful if the object is really studied, except by the "world's people," who are in this matter wiser than the children of the Kingdom. St. Paul had "seen the world," according to common phrase, and knew the current value of a fair and winning exterior. He did not confound frankness with rudeness, and the sharp edge of authority appears but rarely in his writings.

"It is a gift," is the not infrequent comment upon a fine manner; but no, it is a growth, the proper leaf, bud and flower to spring from a root set by a Divine hand; or if not this, the perfection of art, and in so much worthy of praise; though the motive *may* be a low one, the successful manner implies much small sacrifice daily repeated, a careful study of what gives pleasure to others, and a leaving of self to one side, which may be only apparent at times, and yet may grow to be a blessed habit.

The world has the right to expect good manners from good men, and however often disappointed, will continue to look for them, and not finding, will turn once more to her own who have learned in the school of policy how to estimate the things that make social life agreeable. She will not ask too particularly as to the home manner, if her children know how to assume at a moment's notice the grace required of them. The sincere man will fail in the hasty assumption of a politeness which is not his habit, where he of easy principle will wear it bravely. The consciousness of owning two manners must make a good man awkward, even while he feels the force of a present necessity. How much better to have but one, suiting all occasions and easy to the wearer through long use! That such a manner costs in constant effort and vigilance, it is true; St. Paul would hardly have inculcated the exercise of a power bestowed by nature, amiable though it might be, in connection with such essential virtues as honesty, truth, justice and purity; virtues to be worked out with fear and trembling even to the salvation of the world.

Nothing is too slight or too transient to merit the Christian's attention if it may serve to make these virtues beautiful and attractive to those who must learn to love them or perish. Shall we not think on these things? Positive joy or sorrow are but episodes in most lives, with a long and somewhat dull connecting narrative of small pains and pleasures, anxieties and cares, and if by taking thought we may vary the tone and make the tale less prosy to one another, it seems worth our while.

The gracious manner comes with observation; noting the effect upon ourselves of certain "ways of doing things," which is the literal translation of manner; as some enthusiastic physicians study the working of novel medicines in their own bodies; looking at our own wounds and bruises, not to make a moan over them, not for wrath's sake, but to avoid inflicting similar hurts. Surely all this is worth the effort it may cost, if we believe there is a good to be attained, a God worthy to be pleased, and fellow-men whose opinions are of value.—*Standard of the Cross.*

ACCUSTOM your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from Truth will end.—*Johnson.*

From the Christian Register.

AN EXTRACT.

That the kingdom of truth and righteousness grows with the ages, that it must ultimately subdue all things to itself, we never doubt; but no pleasant theory of progress must blind us to the fact that great sections of humanity sometimes sink to a lower level of life, and that vast apostacies and corruptions darken the history of religion. In our own country, and in all our towns,—perhaps in our own homes and hearts,—tares are growing with the wheat; new seeds of evil are being sown alongside the new seeds of good. Mischief mixes even with the efforts of zealous revivalists and reformers, as well as with the routine work of the churches; and the best schemes of education are not turning out the best sort of citizens. For our encouragement, we watch the glorious advances of charity, intelligence, good-will, and social improvement; for our admonition, must we not also watch the signs of degeneracy, the lower standard of business morality, the shallowness of society, the increase of sensual vice, the difference between profession and practice, the love of ease among those who sing the praises of the cross?

But, even if these things are true, what is the use of reporting them? The use is threefold. First, that we may be quickened to self-scrutiny; second, that we may be led to

criticise our methods; third, that we may rightly measure our work and its difficulties.

If either the Roman Catholic Church or the Protestant churches are doing a second-best work for their constituencies, it may indeed be worth while to re-examine the doctrinal systems which these churches represent; but it is certainly a nearer and more pressing duty to ask, "Are our hearts pure and our hands clean? Are we faithful stewards of the truth and grace committed to us for the guidance and salvation of mankind? Is it our folly or our fault that men turn away their ears?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

The General or Joint Committee on the Washington Meeting-house met, there being present Robert F. Roberts, Benj. Hendrickson, Walter Watson, Wm. W. Moore, Chalkley Gillingham, James M. Walker, Edward Shoemaker, Bernard T. Janney and Henry Janney.

A letter was read from Samuel M. Janney, encouraging us in the work and giving his advice.

The committee appointed at a former meeting to go before Congress and the commissioners to endeavor to have the taxes and other charges against the property removed, produced and read the bill which passed the late extra session of Congress, to the entire relief of the property. The committee was discharged.

The general committee are united in the view that bids should now be invited, and proceed with the work this fall, in accordance with a plan and drawings which we now adopt, provided the remainder of the money shall be subscribed, of which we now have no doubt, the balance needed being about a thousand dollars.

The following Friends were appointed the Building Committee: Bernard T. Janney, Benjamin Hendrickson, Wm. W. Moore, Robert F. Roberts and Henry Janney.

Then adjourned to meet at the call of the Building Committee. HENRY JANNEY,
Clerk to General Committee.

We never could build at a better time, and are very desirous to place the work in the hands of a competent contractor who will take the whole and finish it by next spring. Those who have not subscribed are requested to do so, and forward the money to the Treasurer, R. F. Roberts, Alexandria, Va., and those who have subscribed can now forward the money, as we expect to carry out their wishes to their fullest satisfaction.

HENRY JANNEY.

[Our correspondent S. C. Bracken, of Crawfordsville, Oregon, has furnished us a pamphlet which sets forth "Facts regarding the climate, soil, mineral and agricultural resources," etc., of the State of Oregon, from which we make brief extracts. We also prefix the individual sentiments of the writer by giving extracts from the communication sent us.—EDS.]

While I would say to every one now comfortably situated, Be satisfied with *well enough*, I would also say to those who have decided on making a change Oregon offers inducements not known to the interior States, most of which are stated in the pamphlet. The wet winters are the most disagreeable feature. The prevailing winds during the winter season are from the south, accompanied by a slow drizzling rain (not often raining hard or storming), interspersed with many clear days; the summer winds, generally from the north, cool and bracing. Thunder and lightning are of rare occurrence.

There are many streams flowing from the mountains to the Willamette, each having its own valley from a half to four miles wide, and water power all seasons of the year, very little of which has as yet been utilized, and there are many branches of manufacture that are greatly needed here.

One of the great necessities of civilization, a good large house, can be had here at a trifling cost. A good substantial frame house, four rooms on a floor, two stories, either plastered or lined, with porches, can be built at prices ranging from $1,000 to $1,500. Worked lumber can always be had, and fencing boards cost at the mill $8 per thousand, cedar posts 5 cents apiece for the best, inferior cheaper.

The foregoing items are, I believe, all that are not fully set forth in the publication referred to, which, so far as our observation goes, is a truthful *exposé* of the State and its resources. S. C. BRACKEN.

"OREGON.—Before the construction of railroads to the Pacific the States of California and Oregon were, owing to the difficulty of reaching them, practically as remote from the Atlantic and Western States as though they formed part of another continent. The fame of their favored climate and great natural resources had previously attracted to them, it is true, a considerable population from the older States; but the flow of immigration remained sluggish until the completion of those artificial highways had greatly reduced the expenditure of time and money, and the hardships involved in the journey to the Pacific. Since then a much larger and steadily increasing

number of emigrants from the States east and west of the Alleghanies, as well as from Europe, have sought and found homes on the Pacific coast.

"*Geographical.*—Oregon is the most northwesterly State in the Union, being situated between the forty-second and forty sixth degrees of northern latitude. It is bounded on the east by Idaho, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by the Columbia River, and on the south by California and Nevada. It extends on an average for 350 miles east and west and for 275 miles north and south, and contains 95,274 square miles, with an area of about 60,000,000 of acres.

"*Aspect of the Country.*—It is but stating a fact that no one has ever visited Oregon without becoming deeply impressed with the natural beauty of the country. Among the distinctive features of Oregon are the numerous valleys formed, as already stated, by the several mountain chains and the minor ranges issuing from them. . . . . .

"*Climate—Salubrity.*—The climate of Western Oregon is peculiarly mild and equable. . . . . The temperature is moderated in the hot as well as in the cold season by the trade-winds of the Pacific, which blow from the northwest in the summer and from the southwest in the winter. To the proximity of the great Japan current or Pacific Gulf Stream to the Oregon coast much of the uniform mildness and evenness of the temperature is also due. As ascertained by observations made at the principal United States Signal Service Office in the State, the average temperature in Western Oregon is in spring 52°, in summer 67°, in autumn 53°, and in winter 39° Fahrenheit. The thermometer seldom rises above 90° in the hottest days of the summer, and rarely falls below 20° in the winter. A well-known physician, a resident of Oregon for twenty years, in treating of the subject says: 'For our somewhat remarkable immunity from malarial disorders, considering the extent and depth of our river bottoms, we are indebted to our northern latitude, to the daily sea breeze borne to us from the waters of the Pacific, to our cool, bracing nights, and to the medium temperature of even our warmest days.'

"*Natural Resources—Soil.*—In treating of the soil of Western Oregon reference has to be made not only to the valleys, but also to their elevated boundaries; for it is another peculiar feature of Oregon that the so-called 'foot-hills,' as the outrunners of the mountain ranges are called, are generally covered with productive soil, and that even the surface of the mountains is productive to a considerable extent.

"The soil of the foot-hills and tillable mountain surfaces consists of red, brown or black loam, the black predominating near the mountain ranges. The elevated lands not only afford the best natural pasturage, but produce good crops of hay, cereals, vegetables and fruit.

"*Timber.*—The Cascade Mountains, the Coast Range and the Callapoia Mountains, as well as a large part of the valleys of Western Oregon, are covered with mighty forests, affording an inexhaustible supply of hard and soft timber.

"*Minerals.*—The mineral wealth of Oregon is very great, but as yet very imperfectly developed, mainly owing to the want of capital.

"*Grain.*—The leading staple of Oregon is wheat, which is noted for its superior quality, and commands a high price in the grain markets of the world. The berry is very fair and full, often weighing sixty-five pounds to the bushel measurement.

"Next in importance to wheat rank oats. The standard weight for oats in Oregon is thirty-six pounds per bushel, but the country is so well adapted to their growth that the weight of forty pounds to the bushel is often reached. Barley is also successfully raised. Corn is grown in many localities with success, but is not made a specialty, the average summer being too cool for its successful culture.

"*Vegetables.*—A superior quality of every kind of vegetable is grown in Oregon. It excels as a fruit country. No finer fruit of the kinds raised there is produced in any quarter of the globe. Fruit trees will grow from six to eight feet the first year, bear fruit the second, third and fourth years, according to variety. They thrive in the valleys as well as on the foot hills, and up to a considerable height in the mountains, but especially in sheltered dry soil.

"The mild winter climate, the fact that the native grasses remain green during most of the year, and the ease with which cultivated grasses can be raised, together make Oregon an excellent country for raising every kind of stock.

"The climate and fine natural pasturage of Oregon greatly favor the pursuit of the dairy business. The cool summer nights, the abundance of pure and cool spring water, the freedom from sultry and wet weather and thunderstorms during the warm season, facilitate the production of butter and cheese. There is always an active home demand for good butter and cheese, and the surplus product finds a ready sale in other markets of the Pacific coast.

"In the year 1872 Oregon produced 4,150,000 bushels of wheat, 2,250,000 bushels of oats, 400,000 bushels of barley, 100,000

bushels of corn, 7,000 bushels of rye, 5,000 bushels of buckwheat, 20,000 bushels of linseed, 800,000 bushels of potatoes, 500,000 bushels of apples, 2,000 000 pounds of wool, 30,000 raw hides, 1,500,000 pounds of butter, 200,000 pounds of cheese and 1,500,000 pounds of bacon and ham.

"Considering the number of inhabitants, these results are certainly not unsatisfactory. But, without any doubt, the aggregate productiveness of Oregon could be very much increased, even with the same population, if the farmers generally showed more skill and industry in tilling the soil. It is a fact admitted and deplored by the leading men of the State that the average agriculturist of Oregon is of an inferior order. Much too large a number of the farmers possess neither sufficient enterprise nor a knowledge of thorough farming, such as is practised in the Eastern States and Europe. Too many confine themselves to producing only what can be produced with the least degree of effort and skill. Wheat growing, than which no product can be raised anywhere with less labor than in Oregon, is about all this class attempt to follow. The number of such farmers as seek their ambition in getting the most out of the soil by growing a variety of products and testing the capacity of their land by experiments with new articles, is altogether too small. There is especially an insufficiency of skilled dairymen, fruit growers and vegetable gardeners. For these very reasons the opening for farmers that are accustomed to follow their business in a thorough manner, and understand the application of the teachings of science to agriculture, is particularly good in Oregon."

LOCAL INFORMATION.

On the 27th of Eighth month the Southern Quarterly Meeting was held at Easton, Md., for the last time, probably, in the venerable old house which has stood through so many generations, having been built in 1682. As the clink of the mason's trowel (employed in building the walls for the new meeting house) fell upon the ear, we thought surely the Master builder is also at work upon many of us, moulding us into the shape most suited to His blessed purpose in the great temple of which every Christian forms a part.

Friends gathered as usual from the distant Monthly and Preparative Meetings, and rejoiced together in being permitted once more to mingle socially and religiously. Others were present from a distance, some with the sanction of their Monthly Meetings, others traveling without "scrip" for their journey. Testimonies were largely borne to the truth, as we hold it, of the all-sufficiency of the "Divine breath of life," to enable us as individuals to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord.

Satisfaction was expressed by an aged sister of the feeling of joy experienced in a little meeting of three, and encouragement was given to all to rise above hindering things, and devote a portion of time to the reasonable service required by our profession.

The subject of education was freely discussed in circles outside the meeting, but way did not open during the session for any action respecting the subject of a new school proposed, which was before our lately Yearly Meeting. The *want* is felt by many an exercised mind, and will, we doubt not, be supplied in the right time. Means are not wanting to carry on any good work. Many in our Society are wealthy and could not apply their money to better use than that of encouraging and cultivating the young minds among us, who stand ready to work when work is given them to do.

In no quarter has more pains been taken to establish neighborhood schools during the last twenty-five years than this; but the smallness of our meetings, and their great distance apart, has rendered it impossible at every point except one, and the desire is still a growing one for a good education among Friends.

We hope at our next Quarter to be able to take action upon the subject, and be ready to unite with our sisters at our next Yearly Meeting.

R. M. TYLER.

Denton, Md.

On the 29th of Eighth month, in company with Isaac Hicks, of Long Island, who has a minute from Westbury Monthly Meeting to pay a religious visit to Centre Quarter and some other meetings, we left Philadelphia and proceeded by railroad to Port Matilda, where we were met by our kind friend Thomas Way, of Centre Monthly Meeting, who conveyed us in his wagon over the Bald Eagle mountain, three miles, to his residence in Halfmoon Valley, near Centre meeting house, in Centre county, Pa., where we arrived about nine o'clock P. M.

Here we met with Andrew Moore, a minister, aged 83 years, and his wife, belonging to West Branch Monthly Meeting in Clearfield county, Pa., and also a number of other Friends who had come in their carriages over the top of the Alleghany mountain, a distance of about 40 miles, and also met with Friends from Dunning's Creek Monthly Meeting in Bedford county, who came a distance of 62 miles to attend their Quarterly Meeting, which was to commence the next day.

At two o'clock on Seventh-day, the 29th, the Select Quarterly Meeting was held. It was not large, as there are only three Monthly Meetings constituting Centre Quarter, but was considered to be a very satisfactory one by all present.

After the close of that meeting the Quarterly Conference of the First-day schools was held, which was quite large. All the delegates (with one exception) appointed to attend were present, although most of them had to travel a distance of 60 miles, some of them in private conveyance over the rough mountain roads.

On First-day public religious meetings were held both morning and afternoon, which were very largely attended by Friends and some of other denominations. There was much gospel labor by Isaac Hicks and others, which appeared to be well received and was appreciated.

On Second-day morning at ten o'clock (not 11, as stated in Friends' Almanac) the general Quarterly Meeting was held, which was large, considering that so many Friends had to travel such long distances—some 40 and others 60 miles. A few Friends came all the way from Fishing Creek in their carriages, a distance of over 100 miles.

Friends in the vicinity of Philadelphia know very little about the labor and sacrifice which are necessary in order to attend meetings in those localities. It takes at least five days and the expenditure of considerable money for each person who attends from Dunning's Creek. Some may wonder why Friends do not move and settle where it would be more convenient, but if such would visit these Friends at their homes they would see ample reasons for their not doing so. They have an excellent country, large farms that are very productive, good comfortable houses and very extensive barns. Their crops are generally good, and they have a ready market for everything they raise, and they can obtain all the necessaries of life and as many of the luxuries as they desire. They were born there and it is their home, and they are quite as near to the Divine parent as those who live in other localities.

The day after Quarterly Meeting we went with our kind friend Hiram Blackburn and others, via Port Matilda, Tyrone, Altoona, Hollidaysburg and McKey's Gap, on the railroad, and thence in an open wagon 22 miles to his residence near Fishertown, in Bedford county, two miles south of Dunning's Creek meeting house, where on Fourth-day we attended their regular mid-week meeting, which was not very large, as it was a very rainy morning.

Dunning's Creek is the meeting which the late William Dorsey sometimes attended when spending his summers at Bedford Springs, about 12 miles south of said meeting, for the benefit of his health, which was his practice for eight or nine years previous to his death. The Friends of that meeting speak of his gospel labors among them with affectionate kindness.

Although there are a number of members of this meeting who have some labor given them to perform in the line of the ministry, they seem to appreciate the labors of others who are drawn to visit them, and if any Friends feel like going to sit with them I would advise them to be faithful to their feelings, believing they will be amply rewarded for the time spent in such service.

The First-day school at Dunning's Creek, as well as those at the other meetings, are well sustained, every family who attends the meetings participating in them, and the meetings are now on the increase, by the addition of convinced persons requesting to be received. I. E.

Newtown, Pa., Ninth mo. 8th, 1879.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 13, 1879.

NOTE.—We ask indulgence of our readers for a few inaccuracies which escaped the notice of inexperienced proof readers in No. 28, during the temporary absence of our publishing agent.—EDS.

Errata in No. 28.—On page 434, 2d column, 14th line, for "silence" read "science;" page 435, 2d column, 5th line from the bottom, read "thus" for "then;" page 436, 2d column, 12th line from top, read "Zebulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea;" on same column, 5th line from the bottom, for "rave" read "raven;" page 437, 2d line from the close of the article, read "they acknowledge" for "they are acknowledged."

These corrections can be made without much trouble with a pencil on printed page.

NOTE.—There appears in this number a notice of a First-day School Conference, to be held during the Yearly Meeting of Indiana. We publish it as requested, but we do not unite with the proposition that Friends should produce essays on the subject of the state of our Religious Society, with the cause of its decline, etc. In our judgment a First-

day school convention is not the place for such discussions. The original design, we believe, was to nurture a devotional feeling and endeavor to infuse into the tender minds of the children a love for the principles professed by Friends, and we think it a serious and questionable matter to introduce subjects that often lead to excited and unprofitable controversy.

We know it may be urged that a spirit of brotherly love should so govern such gatherings that they should be free from all that can hurt or destroy, but the frailty of human nature, and the experience of the past, lead us to fear that this may not be the case.

STATE FAIR.—The largest State fair that has ever been held in any part of our Union opened last Second-day at the Permanent Exhibition building, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. A number of inventions in agricultural implements that have never before been exhibited to the public are among the attractions. Large exhibits of live stock of the choicest breeds have been brought together, and indeed everything grown on the farm or in the orchard and garden worthy a place in the fair has its representative.

Several neighboring States have sent contributions, and as the exhibition will continue through next week, we think our readers who are interested in the development of the resources of our commonwealth, and in the best and most improved methods of adding to its material prosperity and increasing the quality and quantity of its crops, will find a day or two spent in examining the collection here gathered full of suggestive thought and profitable instruction.

Doubtless the county papers in every part of the State will give large notice of the fair as it progresses, so that those who cannot find it convenient to attend may be informed thereof.

We design to offer our readers a brief summary of what is to be seen, in our next issue.

DIED.

BUCKMAN.—After a short illness, on Ninth mo. 8th, 1879, in Newtown, Bucks co., Pa., Sarah Ann, wife of Stacy Buckman, in the 69th year of her age; a member of Makefield Monthly and Newtown Particular Meetings.

KNIGHT.—On Eighth mo. 4th, 1879, in Horsham, Montgomery co., Pa., Rachel Knight, aged 70 years; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting, Phila.

She was an example of patience and resignation, worthy of imitation.

SATTERTHWAIT.—Suddenly, on Seventh-day, Ninth mo. 6th, 1879, Ann, wife of William Satterthwait, in her 79th year.

SHREVE.—On Third-day morning, Ninth mo. 9th, 1879, at the residence of Isaac H. Clothier, Sharon Hill, Delaware co., Pa., Bertha Jackson Shreve, daughter of Benjamin D. and Elizabeth J. Shreve, of Camden, N. J., aged 2 years and 3 months.

RACHEL L. HATTON was born in Culpepper county, Va., Tenth mo. 24th, 1796. Her parents, Levi and Elizabeth Lukens, removed with their family to Warren co., Ohio, in 1807, then considered among the frontier settlements.

Third month 5th, 1817, she married Edward Hatton, to whom she was a faithful companion over sixty-two years. They soon after settled in the "green woods" near Harveysburg, where they worked hard in bringing the farm under cultivation and reared a large family of children, six of whom are still living.

On the 10th of Third month, 1879, not feeling well she lay down, but soon after was found so prostrated as to be unable to rise; the nervous system appeared to have given way. In this condition she remained for eleven weeks, with no desire for nourishment, patiently waiting the final change, being most of the time conscious and perfectly resigned to the Divine will.

Death released her from suffering on the 25th of Fifth month, 1879, at the ripe old age of eighty-two years.

She was an exemplary member of our Religious Society and for many years an Elder of Miami Monthly Meeting.

A kind, affectionate wife and mother, a friend to the poor and needy, she died universally respected and beloved.

***

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INTO THE OLD DOMINION.

On the 21st of Eighth month we leave Lititz, with all its tranquil and pleasant surroundings, behind us, intent upon a rapid transit through Columbia, York, Baltimore and Washington, on our way to the Warm Springs of Virginia.

I was rather struck with the extent of the tobacco culture in the rich counties of southern Pennsylvania; and it seemed to me that the promise of an abundant yield of this valuable and yet useless product was more emphatic here than in Maryland or Virginia. Now some anti-tobacco missionary may find room for exhortation among the landholders of Lancaster and her sister counties.

The beautiful situation of Columbia and Wrightsville on the high sloping banks of the magnificent Susquehanna suggests the inquiry whether our legislators of the first days of the republic did not make a grand mistake in locating the national capital on the low malarial banks of the Potomac when

this site was urged upon their attention. We are reminded, too, that Wrightsville, on the west bank, marks the limit of the Secession war in its threatened sweep northward in 1863. The mile and a quarter long bridge over the Susquehanna was destroyed by the Pennsylvania militia to prevent the further progress of the Confederate raiders. The traveler murmurs a little that a covered wooden structure has been erected over the broad island-studded river, which makes it impossible to get any but fitful and unsatisfactory glimpses of the noble scenery in passing.

We take the Northern Central Railroad, and in the declining light of a bright summer afternoon, enjoy a rapid glance at the fine region which constitutes Baltimore county, Md. Thence our way onward in the gloaming is by the Baltimore and Potomac road, and Washington is reached in time for a night's repose.

The early morning train bears us southwestward from the capital city, past Alexandria, past the memorable Manassas Junction and Warrenton Junction, to Gordonsville. It is not an inspiring ride by any means, albeit sad memories of the civil war are associated with every name of town or hamlet. Right glad are we this peaceful August day that the war drum beats no longer, and the battle flag is furled in our country, remembering the sorrows and desolations of sixteen years ago. It is pleasant to believe that the youth of Virginia to-day will hardly remember the dark time at all, and that many of the wounds of war have already healed or are surely healing. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Gordonsville is supposed to be the proper lunching place for travelers bound for the mountains, and a friendly army of the emancipated crowd round the windows and doors of our cars, offering refreshments of the very best kinds—fried chicken of most enticing appearance, served on cakes of new-made bread, with peaches, grapes, pears, warm apple pies and fragrant coffee—would suffice for an epicure. The persuasive humility of the old colored people, some of whom bore their trays of provisions on their heads, and some held them up at arms' length that they might meet the wants of travelers, was very marked, and I was strongly impressed with the cheerful and gentle expression of their dark faces. Probably no country can show a more amiable and harmless class of laboring people than this, but there will doubtless be a marked change in the coming generation of Afric-Americans, and the political philosopher will watch with interest the experiment which is now in progress—the assumption of full political equality by a large class in the community who was lately enslaved.

Leaving Gordonsville we traverse that portion of Virginia denominated the Piedmont Country, a most delightful and picturesque region of soft, fertile valleys and gently rising hills, of sparkling waters, of vineyards, and of green pastures. We are now in the inspiring presence of the Blue Ridge, in the region beloved by Thomas Jefferson. We are asked to look over yonder for the site of the church made memorable by William Wirt's touching sketch of the "Blind Preacher." The old structure of William Wirt's time is now replaced by a fine edifice, built through the liberality of a lady who owns the adjoining estate.

Further on is seen a dilapidated ruin on the bank of an unvexed mountain stream—the Rivanna River—which has a melancholy interest as being the old mill property of Jefferson. One asks wonderingly why the mill seat is not yet valuable, and why the free waters are not to-day enlisted in man's service as of yore, and I do not know the proper answer. The great man's heirs are poor, it is said, and do not inherit the cheerful, progressive and practical spirit of their ancestor of Monticello. Two miles further, and the railway crosses the Rivanna, passing through the "wind gap" of the Southwest Mountains; and on the south bank, overlooking the road rises Monticello (Little Mountain), on the summit of which was the statesman's beloved home, his place of retreat from the cares of state, and the hospitable mansion in which were entertained many of the friends and admirers of the great Virginian mountaineer, who left so powerful an impression on his generation. Here we would desire to linger awhile, ascend the heights of Monticello, and visit the mouldering halls whence Jefferson looked forth over the beautiful Piedmont country, with its superb blue back ground of mountains, and whence he could see below him the spacious buildings of the University which he founded and which was so dear to his heart. It was established under a legislative enactment in 1817–18, and was in full and successful operation in 1825. It has been liberally endowed by the State, and is said to be a very valuable seat of learning. Of course the civil war was a great blight to this institution, but we are assured it is now resuming its former high position. Its situation, the stately character of the buildings, the beautiful grounds, and the associations which cluster round it, make this a spot of deepest interest, but the iron horse is unsentimental and dashes on.

We pass through a fine rolling country, cross the Mechum River, and then commences the ascent of the Blue Ridge. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad passes this

mountain barrier with a heavy graduation, and with much rock excavation and tunneling. The main tunnel under the Ridge Summit is 4,260 feet long and is 1,650 feet above tide water.

I cannot do justice to the fine bold scenery which is revealed as we ascend the heights—wild, forest-clad mountains, and fertile slopes rich with vineyards, groves and farms alternating. The generous Appalachian hills are clad with a kindly soil which yields richly of the good fruits of the earth, giving a peculiar softness and greenness to the high places which has suggested a parallelism with the Italian Alps that look down into Lake Maggiore.

We are reminded that the same hills and vales, mountain heights and rocky ravines, rushing torrents and primal springs, which have sped by us in a rapidly shifting panorama in a few hours of this beaming August afternoon, were a delightful revelation on other bright August days, 165 years ago, to that spirited cavalier governor of the colony of Virginia, Alexander Spotswood, and to his companions, when they made their first hunting and exploration raid into and over these barren mountains of Virginia.

A reecent writer* has given a pleasing sketch of the expedition. In those days even intelligent people believed that the Mississippi River had its rise in the Blue Mountains of Virginia, and the land over the mysterious barrier was a *terra incognita*. Spotswood and his companions must have made a picturesque group as they rode through the unbroken forest, laughing, jesting, singing, firing their fowling-pieces on their way, halting in some forest glade near the brook to refresh themselves and their steeds, and lying down at night in bivouac under the canopy of the sky, or under a shelter of woven boughs. It is believed that they reached the neighborhood of the present Rockfish Gap where the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad now passes the mountains; and coming as they did from the monotonous low levels of tide water Virginia, this lovely scenery of the expanse of forest-clad slopes, of bright streams leaping downward beneath overhanging boughs, and of the ranges of blue mountains extending far away, must have made a great impression on their minds. They climbed to the summit of the ridge, and Spotswood inscribed on a rock crowning a tall peak the name Mt. George in honor of his King, while his companions inscribed on another peak Mt. Alexander in honor of the energetic Governor. Having accomplished this much, they did not descend into the valley of the Shenandoah, as we are about to do, but the explorers returned to the midlands, satisfied with the feat accomplished.

To commemorate their achievement the Governor ordered a small golden horseshoe, set with garnets for nails, to be made in London for each of the cavaliers to wear as a charm or ornament. It bore the inscription, *Sic juval transcendere montes*, and each of the adventurers receiving the badge was formally dubbed a Knight of the Horseshoe.

We bid adieu to the romantic past and to the mountain top, and descend into the valley, crossing the south fork of the Shenandoah; then, steadily progressing onward, we reach the ascent of another mountain ridge, where there are suggestions of furnaces and mines, of mills and of manufactories.

Staunton, the county seat of Augusta county, a large and important town and an educational center, is at the junction of the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Valley Railroads, and we only pause here a few moments. The train then directs its course upward to the Buffalo Gap of the Little North Mountain, where are the furnaces of the Virginia Iron and Steel Company. Beyond are numerous evidences of mining and manufacturing enterprises. At Elizabeth Station is the Ferrol Iron Furnace, where hematite ores, from vast local deposits in the vicinity, are being successfully worked. But we are nearing the end of our journey of a day into the Old Dominion, and before the sun sinks below the hilltops Millboro' Station is reached. We descend from the train with a cheerful faith that quiet rooms and a restful night await us at the spacious hotel at this place, but are met by the sad assurance that every nook and corner of the hostelrie is filled with guests. We wait a little, hoping for some turn of fortune, when a most gracious matron of that lovely and unselfish quality which sweetens this life begs that we will take her room, while she finds refuge with her children. The landlord co-operates, and we are welcomed to the rest and refreshment so needful after many hours of warm and dusty travel.

We are now fifteen miles from our destination, and a light carriage is ready in the cool, dewy morning to take us over another mountain ridge, beneath grand old forests, and beside roaring and babbling brooks, to the basin of the high hills beyond, where volcanic waters bubble up warm, and rich with medicinal powers, and where a great hotel, with a kindly host, will shelter us for many days, and the sulphurous spring will wash away all infirmities—if they can. S. R.

Ninth month 1st, 1879.

* In *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1879.

THE following interesting extracts from a private letter of a young Friend show an appreciative enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which enables her to give graphic descriptions of the wonderful and the sublime to be observed in the far-famed "Yosemite Valley."—EDS.

A VISIT TO YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Extracted from a private letter.

We have scarcely recovered from our week's enjoyment in the valley of valleys; beautiful Yosemite! or it should be pronounced *á la* Indian—viz.: Yo-see-meety. It means "large grizzly bear" to *them;* but to me the loveliest bit of nature I have seen; and when I recall glorious Switzerland, that means much. The distance from San Francisco is two hundred and seventy-five miles, and a journey of two days and two nights. Three of us took sleeping car at Oakland, 4.30 P.M., and rode until 6 next morn, when we changed to the six horse stage, in which we traveled for twelve hours, stopping only for dinner and for fresh horses every hour and a half. During five hours of the time we rode over a sandy plain—not a stone or spear of grass—*nothing* to see but the cloudless sky and a wooden "flume" sixty miles in length, which carries logs from the mountains to railway.

"Hiram," the driver, keeps his horses going at rapid speed, and is kind and thoughtful of his passengers. After stopping to dine we had six hours more to travel, and to enjoy the mountains we were climbing. Oh such trees! The red-wood, tall and slender, and with red-brown trunks. No other evergreen resembles them. Of course the Norway fir and hemlock spruce are more graceful; but there is a dignity in the red-wood which somewhat resembles the tulip poplar. Fresh-no river tumbled over rocks on our left, and was finally lost in the deep gorge as we climbed gallery after gallery on the mountain's side.

From the summit was a fine view of *other* summits, and then we descended and rose again, and at six o'clock drove into Clark's, a large hotel where everyone *has* to spend a night, and pay $1.50 for his bed and $1 for each meal; to this we are compelled to submit, for it is impossible to go into the valley by night. Our warm baths were refreshing, and we retired at once, but the wolves (Kiotes) cried all night, and so like a child, it was most distressing; then Indians near had a war dance, and whooped for the entertainment of some of the hotel lodgers. It was glorious moonlight, and as we did not have to leave until noon the next day, we enjoyed a long rest, and after breakfast made pencil sketches of the mountain views from front verandah. This large hotel is crowded with health seekers, who generally find it; the pine air and fresh trout and horseback rides work wonders. That P.M. we drove on, and on towards the valley; and finally when we came upon "Inspiration Point" (the first glimpse of all we were to enjoy), the stage stopped and all alighted. I was completely overcome with the grandeur and my own unworthiness to behold it. I had longed to look upon these "beautiful hills," and in those five minutes received a mental photo which is worth thousands of dollars to beguile sleepless nights. You who can read books must let me read nature. Perhaps it is my dread of sometime losing sight which makes me remember so distinctly the choicest bits of nature I have seen, and which have had wonderful effect; some chord within responds to the magnificent harmonies, and whilst my friends and the other passengers were chatting and sketching outlines, I went off to a distant rock. Soon we were summoned back to the coach by Negro "George," the "best driver on the coast," if anyone *can* excel "Hiram," which George is supposed to do, because he drove "dilligence" several years in Switzerland. It is really fine to see how they manage the "ribbons." I often thought of ——— as we went full run down the galleries into the valley. Many of the turns are acute angles, and from the back seat you can see all six horses. Almost everyone is timid, but I am not, for I always manage to get with best drivers, and then try to trust them; and we drove safely into Black's Hotel, in the heart of the valley of valleys, just at sunset, on the last day of June. As we came again and again in sight of Bridal Veil Falls it was wreathed in rainbows—a perfect carnival for our welcome; and the emerald meadows through which runs the Merced river (River of Mercy) was the loveliest contrast to the granite walls 5,000 feet high, which we had descended. Fatigue and excitement made us rest for several mornings, but each afternoon we drove in open barouche up and down the valley for several miles. It is seven miles long and nearly one wide, but does not seem one quarter of a mile wide; its walls are *so* high and imposing. The air is fine and bracing—for the valley is itself 4,000 feet above sea level.

It is quite impossible for words to give you an idea of all one sees *in* the valley. I had second-story front room at Black's Hotel, which, by the way, is as well kept as any hotel I know, and has a most sumptuous table—usual price for May and June $3.50 per day, but July 1st they reduced to $3, and if you stay a week it is $18. We did this

last and really gained on the fresh trout, etc., and considering that everything is carried into the valley over the mountains we had crossed, I think $18 per week very cheap. . .

I said to Carter, when talking about saddle-horses, "I want a sure-footed animal, used to climbing, but don't give me a 'woman's horse,' that must be whipped all the time. I am not timid, and I want to look about and enjoy scenery instead of urging a horse." So the first day he brought "Periwinkle," one of the best climbers—but so slow, I soon dubbed him "Pokey Periwinkle." There were six in our party as we set out to go to the top of Yosemite Falls, 2,634 feet high. The trail winds up an almost perpendicular granite mountain, and is cut just wide enough for one horse—with sometimes low bushes on the outer side—often nothing but the precipice. But my head never gets dizzy with ascents (only with ship-like motions), so I enjoyed everything and grew better every hour. We often stopped to rest and enjoy the view. I was in the rear, and right glad of it, for I was just as ecstatic as I wanted to be, and no one knew it; they were all too far ahead—and all so eager to be near the guide—"John Murphy," whom H. H. has made popular. When half-way up we went into "the basin," where the first fall alights 1,600 feet, and to look up to the blue sky, through the feathery mist was to see only as nature herself can produce. Nothing could be more exquisitely elegant than the whiteness of this mist—it was impossible to believe it water—it resembles *tulle*, and floated out in great sprays, then tied them into rosettes and quilted long ribbons into ruches. I was entranced. The lower falls (one 600 and the other 434 feet—all three of which form the "Yosemite Falls") had *awed* me more, there is such a roar and thunder as the great weight of water reaches those lowest rocks; but the upper fall is comparatively noiseless. How *could illusion* sound, even on a granite basin? We and the horses drank from a spring near "the basin," and then we mounted and set off again, one of the party near me as her "Johnny Peanuts" was also pokey. It is their way to put strangers on such, no matter what is said, but we reached the top before the others had left their saddles. Then Murphy's saddle-bags yielded forth every one's lunch, and we sat where we pleased to partake.

The party we had joined were from Stockton; Mr. S., his wife and two young ladies, too timid and shrieking to add to any one's pleasure. I really pitied them, for they could not enjoy anything. Presently came two pedestrians—young fellows from Oakland who were camping out in the valley. They lunched near us too, and then we all set out to walk to the river which feeds these falls, and on to the very brink of the falls where is a huge rock and tall pine tree. From the dangerous side are seen the rainbows; and I must boast the only steady head of the eight, which could lean down and look over at the prismatic frolics. I had a full hour, and can never forget it. The others perched about on the rocks and smoked and talked and envied my head (but I thought they wouldn't if they knew of its neuralgia). Some points of the descent alarm many, but I felt sure of "Pokey P's" steps, and looked out on the emerald valley with its sunset shadows as if I was *not* on an angle of 45 degrees. It must be a kind of magnetism from the horse which strengthened me. I returned really better, and after 7 o'clock dinner sat a long while on the balcony to enjoy moonlight on the falls with which we had spent the day. Such glorious sleep till 4 A.M. when a great cannon announced the 4th of July. Oh such echoes! Every rock up and down that seven miles of valley resounded with the announcement of our Nation's birth-day. It was truly grand, and died away just as the little chapel bell rang out its merry peal. This chapel was erected during the summer by funds raised by Sunday school children, and was dedicated early in June when the Sunday school children came from the east and spent a week in the valley. And just here I must tell you how pathetically bare the little chapel is. Externally quite finished; frame, painted brown with a simple belfry; but within it looks just like an empty barn—only bare boards and rafters—but many seats of *boards laid on boxes* for the pulpit. I went Sabbath morning and was so touched by its unfinished rudeness that I sincerely wished I might give a generous sum towards finishing it.

Unsectarian, and in the midst of such grand nature, one is imbued with a feeling of worship. I hope means will soon be raised to complete it.

As every one was roused early on the 4th we took a cup of coffee and drove to Mirror Lake to see the sun rise. Several miles up the valley that dewy morning and we reached the lake by 7.30, and waited half an hour to see old Sol come over the granite peaks; and such a mirror as it is! Truly *nothing* could exceed the reflections; they were almost more real than the mountains, and firs, and flowers. One should have a month in Yosemite to think and feel all that impresses you; I was quite oppressed in *one* way, or *three* ways. I wanted to do nothing but sit and gaze and dream; then I wanted to be *going* all the time to every point of interest, and I wanted, thirdly, to paint every flower and view. But

as usual I compromised and really managed much without trouble.

"Bridal Veil Falls" made one afternoon memorable. Though *only* 940 feet high, they are in many respects the most beautiful falls in the valley. Of course their rainbows add much; but the near mountains also add; for instance, El Capitan seems the bridegroom at these magnificent nuptials, and the bouquets of white Azaleas crown every rock about the river's edge. (I painted a cluster to prove their luxuriance) and had two blissful hours alone on a huge rock at the foot of Bridal Falls, whilst my friends chatted on other rocks just beyond, massive collections of them scattered rampant. How I did wish you could all have seen the rainbow *carnival!* It was as merry as possible. The broad ribbon of rainbow, which crossed the lower end of the vail was first pushed into the abyss by the dainty, fleecy vail, and of course the rainbow flashed up at each end. This the vail seemed to anticipate, for whilst your eye winked the vail seemed to divide and press down the massive bow at both ends; so, as the merry colors *had* to be somewhere, they spread up the whole centre, hundreds of feet fanned out, became winged things, and the whole air was dancing with them. Never twice just the same antic, but always more beautiful and bright than the last. And so noiseless that it seemed a pantomime. Huge rocks shut the roar into the abyss where the falls light, and these rocks are so huge and numerous that they keep almost a subterranean passage for many rods, when the foamy torrent rushes into the river and almost defeats conversation by the uproar. Just as the sun carried off the last rainbow Dr. F. came for me. . . .

As I do not go back to read this over, but at odd minutes catch up my pen for a few more lines, it must be very disconnected, but it just occurs to me that I never finished the 4th of July, which was celebrated in a dignity suiting that grand valley. No miserable firecrackers, only a few cannon with their numerous echoes. Then the tallest of sky rockets, which were good to measure the granite walls by, and really seemed not to mount one-tenth their height. These were just gone when the moon peeped in—and I soon retired. . . .

The day's excursion to Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome seemed to eclipse all the others. I had the best of nags, "Kitty Clyde." The trail is more steep and exciting, and the views beyond expression. From "the point" we look down upon the whole valley and hear a chicken crow, or dogs bark, full 6,000 feet below us. From Sentinel Dome we only see the prominent peaks of Yosemite wall—but have a whole range of the snow-capped Sierras, including "Cloud's Rest," which figures in all views of the valley above Mirror Lake, and we look west to the Coast Range and seemed to see the Pacific beyond. It was my most extended view, unless I except the Rigi (whence are seen *seven* Swiss lakes among the snowy Alps). In descending from the Dome we made a detour of two miles to Illiloulette, or rather to Point Æolus, whence we saw three magnificent falls, Illiloulette, Nevada and Vernal. As Bradford told me it was one of the beautiful points, but visited by few, and the guides object because of the rough trail to Æolus, but I shall always be glad we persevered and went.

Our last excursion was to Vernal and Nevada Falls, and, although every previous one had seemed perfect, these were more so. Truly, the luxuriance of ferns and flower about the rocks where Vernal lights exceed every other part of that wonderful Yosemite. And Nevada has the palm for rainbows. How could it be otherwise, when the whole Merced River forms these falls? and they tumble into such piles of granite rocks that the water is thrown out like great rockets—every one of which dazzles you with the most perfect prismatic tints. Indeed, they follow your feet and envelope you. My old blanket shawl lost its brown, in the vivid purple and green, which I tried to hold in my hand. As the sun descended these masses of colors rose higher and higher until they were at the very top of the falls, 700 feet from where I sat. Then I shut my eyes and held fast for quite a while the mental photo so that no time can ever efface it. My little bay could not walk slowly, so she brought me down before the guide, and no one knew how often there were grateful tears that I had been privileged to see so thoroughly every part of the wonderful Yosemite.

S. R. B.

Seventh mo., 1879.

THE favors of fortune are like steep rocks; only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit.

NEEDLESS FEAR.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them fragrant, and large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
  Deep in the green hill-side?
Four brown sparrows—the cunning things—
Feathered on back, and breast, and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
  Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to see my prize,
Watching their motions with eager eyes,
Dropping my berries with glad surprise,
  A plaintive sound I heard;
And, looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch, near the old stone wall,
(Fearful and sad as to what might befall)
  The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.
"Ah, birdie," I said, "if you only knew
That my heart was tender and warm and true;"
But the thought that I loved her birdlings too
Never entered her small brown head.

And so, through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe;
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.
But O, if we only, only knew
That God was tender and warm and true,
And that He loves us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.
—*Friends' Review.*

WHAT IS HOME?

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where we've one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there's some kind heart to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's *one we love* to meet us.
—*Poems of Home Life.*

THE poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.—*Sterling.*

From the Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle, Aug. 1.

A FRIENDLY TALK ABOUT "JENNY WREN."

This little bird, which dwells in close intimacy with man, but which is seldom seen, is the surest harbinger of "falling" weather that we know. She remains with us the whole year round, and we have learned to look upon her piping notes with more of confidence as to the intentions of the weather clerk than we have ever been able to give to "Old Prob." She is a little, shy, brown bird, with very few personal attractions, very little comeliness of form; like all true women, preferring obscurity and making no noise, except when there is real occasion for it. Not uncertain in her voice when there is occasion, she seems to snuff the rain from afar, and in the performance of a manifest duty, she boldly proclaims it to the world in her shrill "to-wheeto!" "to-wheeto!" becoming restless and excited, and seemingly very determined to impress upon mankind the certainty of her prediction. And we have never known her to fail. When her work is done, she will retire under the wood pile or under the fence—somewhere where mortal eye cannot perceive her, from which she will only emerge upon the approach of another atmospheric wave with water in it. Do not confound this little bird with the common speckle-back wren that makes our yards and houses cheerful all the day long, regardless of weather—they are entirely different birds. Both fill their appointed spheres well, and we love them both dearly, but our brown Jenny is the truest, modestest, most womanly of the two; we know that when she speaks she "means something," and we love her the best. Just before the recent rains she sat early in the morning by our bedroom window and poured forth her predictions. We took them for true, and were not disappointed.

ITEMS.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD has arrived at Yokohama, Japan, having successfully completed the northeast voyage.

A CYCLONE visited Orange, Texas, on the 22d ult., unroofing houses, levelling trees and fences, blowing railroad cars off the track, sinking a steamboat, blowing or floating away several millions of feet of lumber and demolishing the railway construction camps.

NEWS has been received of the wreck off the island of Mocha in the Pacific Ocean of the steamship *Illimani*, one of the finest and most powerful vessels owned by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. All the passengers and crew were landed safely.

THE Edison Company has obtained from the French Government permission to establish telephone communication between the various quarters of Paris. On payment of a monthly subscription a telephone will be installed in one's house just as gas or water.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL is now within a thousand yards of completion. Much of the traffic that uses the Mont Cenis tunnel will prefer this shorter and more direct route. A third tunnel, the Simplon one, will soon be under way, and when completed will finish the straight line of railway extending from Paris to Brindisi, by way of Lausanne, the Simplon and Milan, thus doing away with the immense angle described by the Mont Cenis route. The Simplon tunnel will be about eleven miles long and will cost about $16,000,000.

A TELEGRAM from St. Petersburg states: "Arrangements for the expedition into Central Asia, to investigate the practicability of diverting the Amu-Darya and causing it to flow into the Caspian Sea, have been completed. The expedition has been divided into three detachments, of which two will be sent to Krasnovodsk and Khiva respectively and the third will examine the river and delta. The latter has already started, but the departure of the others has been postponed until January in consequence of the disturbed condition of the Turcoman steppes."

CARRIER PIGEONS flew the other day from Penzance to London—two hundred and seventy miles

—in about five hours and a half. It is said that "they fly by sight, and therefore that, although they can cover three or four hundred miles without a rest, they could not find their way to land over 300 miles of trackless ocean. Some Antwerp birds were put on board a ship going to the East. At a distance of one hundred miles from home they were let out of their cage. They would not return home, but kept flying about the vessel. The inference is that they did not know the way back."

THE INJURED BRITISH CROPS.—The London *Mark-Lane Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: "The damage done is irreparable. No subsequent weather can prevent the outcome of this season's wheat crop proving the most disastrous, both in quality and quantity. Happily, the weather the last day or two has been well suited to harvest operations. Many fields are still quite green, while in others wheat, though more forward, is a bad color. Root crops are choked with weeds. Potatoes have gone from bad to worse. In fact, in no single instance can agricultural prospects be said to have improved during the past fortnight."

THE London *Standard* of the 6th inst. says "it has authentic information that the deep-sea section of the French cable has been laid and the line is complete from Brest to St. Pierre. The steamer *Faraday* is now returning to Europe to ship the section of the cable which is to connect St. Fierre with New York."

The London *News* understands that "the Portuguese Government has granted a concession for the laying of a telegraph cable between Lisbon, the Azores and the United States. The maximum charge for messages is to be two shillings per word. The larger part of the required capital has been already secured."

THE Hartford *Evening Post*, in relation to the proficiency of Chinese students in New England, says: "The students of the Chinese Mission will resume their studies next week, most of them having already returned to the preparatory schools. Many of them will enter the colleges and polytechnic schools of New England and the Middle States this fall, for the regular course of study in these institutions. In the preparatory schools the Chinese students have been among the best scholars, industrious and intelligent, and proficient linguists. So far as they have pursued collegiate studies they have shown the same intelligence and perseverance that have characterized their preparatory pursuits."

NOTICES.

THE ANNUAL ASSOCIATION OF FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS OF INDIANA YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

Will meet on Seventh-day evening, Ninth month 27th, at 7 o'clock, preceding the Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Indiana. It is earnestly desired that the attendance at the meeting this year shall be full, and in order that it may be so each school should appoint delegates to attend, and that all interested in First-day Schools may consider themselves invited.

The Executive Committee request the different schools to have prepared essays on the state of the Society, and the cause of the apathy and decline of religious work. Interested Friends are likewise solicited to give their best thought to this vital subject, in order that we may discover the cause of our weakness, and knowing it promptly remove the obstructions that hinder our progress, and enter the fields indeed white unto harvest, which await the advent of the zealous laborers to gather the rich gleanings that shall give renewed life and strength to the Society, and recall the youth to our heritage and the precepts and practice of the pure principles of Truth.

Reports should be forwarded early to

BENJ. E. HOPKINS,
EMILY P. YEO, } *Clerks*,
Richmond, Indiana.

A meeting of the Haddonfield First-day School Union will be held at Haddonfield on Seventh-day, Ninth month 27th, at 10 o'clock A.M. All persons interested in First-day Schools are invited to attend.

ISAAC C. MARTINDALE, *Clerk*.

A Stated Meeting of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs will be held in Race Street Meeting-house on Seventh-day, 13th inst., at half-past ten o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS for the Week ending Ninth month 9, 1879

STOCK MARKET.

Reported by Howard W. Lippincott, Room 19, 306 Stock Exchange Place

State 5s new loan	111½@
City 6s new	115 @120
Pittsburg Water 7s	115¼@
Cincinnati 7 3-10	116½@
Cam & Amb 6s of '80	112½@113¼
Del & Bound Brook 7s	112 @
Lehigh Val 1st m 6s c	114½@
Lehigh Val 7s	119½@120
North Penna g m 7s r	112 @
Penna g m 6s c	115¼@
Reading scrip	70 @ 70½
Reading Inc 7s	71 @
Pitts Cint & St Louis 7s	108 @108½
Texas & Pacific 1st m 6s	99½@
West Chester 7s	117 @
West Penna RR 6s	104½@
Cam & Atl pfrd	47¼@
Catawissa prfd	43½@ 44
Lehigh Val RR	41½@ 41¾
Little Schuylkill RR	48 @
N Penna RR	45½@
Penna RR	41⅝@ 42¾
Reading RR	17⅞@ 19½
United RRs of N J	146¼@146½
Lehigh 6s gold loan	100 @100½
Hestonville Pass RR	18¾@ 19
People's Pass RR	22 @ 22½
Amer SS Co 6s	100½@101½

PRODUCE MARKET—WHOLESALE.

Reported by Roberts & Williams, Commission Merchants, 248 North Delaware ave. and 16 Vine street.

Subject to Market fluctuations.

Butter, Prints, per lb.	16@	23
Rolls, Pa. & West'n, "	9@	13
Illinois, Iowa & Wis.	10@	15
N. Y. State Firkins, "	13@	17
Eggs—Fresh, per doz	16@	16½
Western, "	15@	15½
Poultry—Chickens, per lb	15@	16
Turkeys, alive, "	8@	9
Ducks, "	8@	
Lard, prime, per lb.	@	7
Live Calves, "	4@	6½
New potatoes per bbl	1 00@	1 25
Onions, per bbl	2 25@	2 75
Apples	1 00@	2 25
Pears,	1 50@	4 00
Peaches, per basket	50@	1 00
Watermelons, per 100	4 00@	9 00
Canteloupes, per basket	15@	30
Plums, per bu	1 50@	3 00
Grapes, per lb	2@	4
Wool, tub washed	38@	40
Pure cider vinegar, per gal	15@	16
Cheese, N Y Factory, per lb	5¼@	6½
Western, "	4@	6
Smoked hams "	9@	10
Tallow "	5¼@	5¾

Wheat, Penn and Del red	1 08@	1 11¼
Western old	1 00@	
Amber	1 05@	1 06
Rye, Western and Penna	59@	60
Corn, Mixed in elevator	47 @	47½
Yellow	48 @	48½
Oats, white	32½@	34
Mixed	31@	32
Clover-seed, prime, new	7¼@	7½
Timothy-seed	1 90@	2 00
Flax-seed	1 38@	
Hay, Penn Tim per ton	14 00@	15 00
West'n and Mx'd	13 00@	14 00
Rye Straw	12 00@	
Wheat Straw	8 00@	9 00
Corn Meal, per bbl	2 00@	2 50
Bran, per ton	12 50@	13 25

At the W. Philadelphia Drove Yard the prices for Beef Cattle were ¼c. to ½c. per lb lower. We quote extra at 5½@5¾c; good at 4¾@5¼c., and common at 3@3¼c.

At the North Philadelphia Drove Y'd Beef Cattle were dull. 1,800 head sold at from 2¼@5⅝c. per lb., as to condition.

Cows—Market dull; prices from $26 to $35 per head.

Sheep—Extra good, 110 to 130 lbs., 4¾c.; good 3¾@4½c.; stockers, $2.50@$3 per head.—*Record*.